THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1281.

Original Poetry.

TO WINTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Stern Winter! thee
Art come in wrath with all thy boisterous train,
The sterile, the frost, the driving snow,
The rattling rain.

Over the hills,
Along the vales and through the mountain woods,
Where, in the summer time, the merry rills,
Gladdened the solitudes,

Thou comest now
Like a grim giant, while thy gloomy cave
Is your the cold and frozen breath,
Like darkness.

And Nature grieves
That thou hast come—the sunk and hidden streams
Send up a sullen sigh, and the green leaves,
In varying gleams,

At early day,
No longer in the morning's rich dream glance;
Or, idly lulling on the tender spray,
To their repose.

A drop-like moan
Is breathing all around—the naked trees
Look sad, as mourning for their verdure gone—
The gentle breeze,

Over the plains
Shrinks like the sound of woe, and the glowing waves
Are lifted up, and glean the coldened rains
Of autumnal hours.

In sombrer hower
The merry, twittering tribes have sought repose
From thy fierce breath—and the green leaves,
The lone tree and the tree,

At rest and morning hours,
Send up a balm to mingle with their song;
And the sweet sunshine and the melting showers
Shall cheer long.

Where strange shades
Allow a pleasing glimpse of the distance round,
And congregating branches make the glades,
Lovers the night

With the fast-falling showers, the cooling day,
And rest or again on silken wing.

With flowers for honey May.

Original Tales.

THE VICTIMS;
Or, Three Chapters from Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

CHAPTER I.

What can detain him so very long. He said he would be with me early in the morning, and this morning one, and yet he has not come. Surely something has befallen him, he would not willingly remain one moment from me. Oh! I should be perfectly miserable, were I not sure Father knew, feeling that He in my father—but I have forsaken the fountain of my happiness, and must drink the bitter waters of a broken cistern, that can hold no water, and now am dying, literally dying, for want of that love, which I had yet—and yet—oh, God, if it known unto thee that I did not descend willingly to this vale of misery. Had I not been deceived, and that by one of pure and chaste and truth, meet me at every step, and shades of nameless horrors lurk in every bush, and in every tree, I would not have left the whole heart and soul and all, which in unto us as a sweetness serpent resting upon our bosom, to be stung to death by its fangs into our flesh. Oh! I am very miserable. He does not know all—but he must, I will endeavor to tell him where he is—Oh, it is dreadful to be so I am. To feel the very circumstance which should be my greatest happiness is now a cause of the deadliest apprehension—the keenest agony. Why does he not come? Surely—having deprived me of all else he will not—will not forsake me.

Thus mused a young and very beautiful girl as she sat at the window of a neat little parlor in a small cottage, and gazed upon the distant road, which could only see at intervals through the limes and trees that closed around her enclosure. It was a lovely morning in early spring, and she looked just fit to be its presiding angel; only tears she was pale and sad, and there was a restlessness in her eye and hand, while the big tears fell silently over her white bosom as if they were the overflowing of a well. Oh! sleep, and the countenance had no sympathy with its goings.

A letter for you, Ella, said a voice at the door. Ella sprang up with a cry of joy! You who could be the sunlight of my path. Why art you so long away? Would you leave your father to be the victim of grief? Ella fell into his arms, he fervently kissed Ella, my child, my only loving and beloved. Ella, he would have said, but the choking of utterance was the only answer he gave. It should be very lonely without you, but I would be very happy, that I would be better not to see you, and to know that you were happy, than to behold you thus pale and sorrowful. Do not tell so Ella. Come, lay your eyes, and read your letter. Perhaps it is from your mother. Ella sighed, and the closing of utterance, and looked upon the old gentleman, pressed a kiss upon the young girl's brow, and left the room.

"It is indeed with the hand writing only has he written," and she shook violently as she broke the seal and unfolded the sheet on which was written

Philadelphia, June 4th, 1841.

Dear Eleanor—I have not received one word from you from whence my letter is dated—but I was not cared suddenly on indispensable business from your little Ella like village. It is very necessary that I should return, if I ever do—but I shall always cherish among the sweetest treasures of my memory, the short time I have spent in your heart-felt sorrow. You will not miss me much, but you will miss your child, and I am sorry upon her account. May you ever be happy and successful as you deserve. C. A. P——

It is possible. It cannot be. No, no, he did not write it. She exclaimed, in a suffocating tone, with the eyes fixed on the letter, which was a picture of consternation, fear, and helpless misery, that the very paper seemed to tremble beneath the gaze.

And there was not discernible the white as a snowdrift only repeating it's sentence, "no, no—he did not write it," until her father re-entered after an hour's absence.

"Ella!" he cried in alarm—"Ella! what ails you?" and the old man raised her prostrate form in his bosom, and looked down upon it with her pale face.

Father—oh, father!" She whispered, "he has not written me that—he could not—he could not—it does love me. He did not write this. It is not possible. Say he did not, father. Say he will come to me soon. Oh! say he will come. He will not be cold.

The old man glanced his eye over the letter, and his face grew dark and frowning.

Poor child! he said. "He will never come again. He is a villain—and I'm proud that it has been so. Ella! my poor, poor girl! The God of mercy have pity on us both. And the big tears of an old man's agony fell running upon the head of the stricken child, who clung with convulsive sobs and shrieks to his bosom. Surely the fiend angel sung over sights of such utter misery.

CHAPTER II.

In a magnificent chamber of one of the princely mansions in Philadelphia sat a remarkably handsome man, about thirty-five years old. He was surrounded by all the luxuries of life, as the opulence can and then in the perusal of two newspapers in haste his lips in the red wine that set before him. At length he left his paper, and said, hastily, and with a frown, "Do not speak so wildly, dear Anna," said the lady, "I will not, I will not, and you shall be my sufferer, and wept over her. "You shall stay here —and we will soothe away your sorrows."

"Never—yes, Ellen—you are good—very good—"

"No! good, Anna, but, I trust, humble and truly repentant. But no repentance can reinstate a fallen woman. Rivers of tears can never wash away the stain upon her name,—all the balm that ever grew in Gilead can never heal her broken heart.

While she was speaking the party had recovered an addition, by the entrance of a stranger. He was much esteemed and very gaily. Not one of the party recognized him, until Ella sprang from her chair, and with pale face and trembling form, pointed to the child at the old man's feet. The stranger raised the child, folded it to his heart, and said, down at her side.

"Ella! My only loved—my deeply injured—and for this moment—my child—our child, Ella, to plead for my repentant dying father. I ask you only to forgive—I know you cannot love me, and overhead the conversation between you and your hanghty cousin, to which I was then betrayed. I hated her for her cruelty, and would have provided for you, had not your kind grandfather interposed his protection. Can you, will you forgive me? Ella! my child, I am not worthy to—I know you cannot love me, but you will forgive—I know you cannot love me, but you will forgive—I know you cannot love me, but you will forgive

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1846.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our paper to-day is freighted with an unusual variety of important news. The Oregon correspondence—the resolution of the House to terminate the joint occupancy—the counter resolution in Mexico—the passage of the Tariff resolutions by the Pennsylvania Legislature, are all items of important intelligence, which, our ample size enables us to lay before our readers in the most full and satisfactory manner. The reader will find the pith of the Oregon correspondence digested under an appropriate head; we refer to that from the west coast of the homeward hearth, and in the hurrying mortal sins resembles 'The Christmas Carol' and 'The Chimes.' But in everything else it is unlike these. In handling his incidents Dickens has failed in this new work, to produce the absorbing interest which seems on every page of "The Chimes." No one is there, in the characters, so much to touch the heart: in "The Cricket" as in "The Carol." The actioneer or "The Cricket" turns on the carrier's suspicion of his wife's fidelity, and this part of the tale especially is badly managed. There are, however, some touches here and there in the volume. The following, whose sagacity leads him to rub his nose against the blind girl instead of looking up into her face as he does to that of others whose attention he would attract is to proof of this:—Caleb, the father of the blind girl is another example. There are also some humorous passages in the book—of these the race between the kettle and cricket, in which each tries to sing the loudest by the hearth, is admirable. It is in this passage that the following song occurs, written in prose, but the rhythm adapts itself to verse, as the reader will observe:

"It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, 'and the cottage leaves are lying by the way.'

And above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay.

And there's only one relief, in all the sand and misery sir!

And I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare

Of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind retire.

But a friend upon the clouds, for being guilty of such a crime.

And the wildest open country is a long dull streak of black;

And there's hour-frost on the finger-post, that stops the track;

And the ice is isn't water, and the water isn't free,

And you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be."

We are glad to notice that the American Agricultural Association is about to make an effort to introduce the Alpaca, or Peruvian sheep, into the United States. This animal has been imported into England, where it is now held with great accuracy. The Alpaca is found in mature there two years ear-lier than in its native mountains, its wool is also finer in consequence of the greater temperature and the animal is found to be docile, and affectionate by heat or cold. In Peru the clip of the Alpaca weighs four pounds: in England it is said to weigh seventeen and a half. The fleece of one Alpaca is equal to the fleece of six Merino sheep. In the first half of 1843 no less than 1,200,000 lbs. of Alpaca wool were imported into the port of Liverpool. So valuable a staple and one of such easily used ought surely to arrest the attention of our agriculturists, and great credit is due to the association which proposes to introduce the Alpaca into the United States. The movement originated with one Luis Conesi at Paris, Mr. Armsby Edwards, who has offered to go out to Peru and Bolivia, to collect a flock of three hundred, and bring it to the United States. To carry the project into effect it is necessary to raise a fund of $10,000, of which $4,000 has already been promised, consolicited, by members of the association residing in New England and Pennsylvania.

If these public spirited individuals succeed in the introduction of this animal into the United States they will materially increase both the agricultural and manufacturing wealth of the country. The wool of the Alpaca is used in the finer fabrics, and we annually import goods manufactured from this wool, to the amount of thousands of dollars. Why should we not rival England in the manufactory of Alpaca fabrics, as we have already rivalled her in the manufactory of cotton fabrics? When the Alpaca was brought out, we annually consumed thousands of bales of coarse manilla made in India: now, we actually send them home in the thousand bales of American coarse cottons annually to Hindostan. Why may we not, in time manner, at some future day export Alpaca cloths to England, instead of importing them from that country, as we now do? Why may not the waste and comparatively heavy wool, of our cottons in this country, be used to pasture the Peruvian sheep? The subject is one well worthy the attention of agriculturists.

This is St. Valentine's Day, memorable in the calendar of lovers! Everyone knows the custom which allows him to send a "valentine" on this morning to his mistress, and all true bachelors will assert their privilege to use the first maid they meet to-day. On our outside page is a pleasant and appropriate strain, the denouement of which pretty soon upon St. Valentine's Day.

MAGAZINE OFFICE.

We call attention to the letter of Messrs. Peters & M'Ilvaine, in another column. Hot Magazine-Newspaper, and Cheap Publication establishments is one of the curses of the times in the branch of the Magazines and new Publications, and all the new and popular Matter, may be had there at the earliest moment. He is young and obliging in addressing to customers, and our country friends may safely have orders to send to him. You will be advantaged by enclosing their money to him. His advertisement would serve purchase, even when one had no need for it.

BRAVO, LADIES!

At the fire at Kenne. B. H., on the first inst. the ladies turned out in great force, and quite a number all unto the first formed to pass buckets; whereupon remained until their places were taken by the men.

U. S. TREASURY.

The receipts of the General Government during the fourth quarter of 1845, were $6,920,700. The expenditures during the same quarter were $9,702,-810 66.

VALUE OF WEALTH.

The other day we met with the account of a man who, in 1836, was considered wonderfully rich but who, through the reverses of fortune, is now, although the owner of a large amount of property, held in check by their gigantic character. That is a man who has been accustomed to spend his thousands should come at last to depend for his bread on his fellow men, strikes us as a disaster of error, a fall of tremendous, that we hold our breath with awe. We can not other strongly, to show the importance of a character, equality hard for their victims? We think, with sorrow of the man accustomed to ease and luxury, that he must, may-be, eat or go hungry. Debts lose nearly their or imprisoned beside, when the last necessary of comfort is denied him. Is not this all? The one hidden of business and knowledge of the world to rely on, while the other sees nearly contemptible as a dreamer or

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They will always give names and the post office.
Remittals must always state the Post Office received from or which the subscriber pays or may be addressed.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think prompter to give the following exposé of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is paid, issues a certificate of the fact, which he forwards to the office of the publisher, or other, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the fact to him, with the name and office of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or periodical for which it is paid; and it is the duty of the Post Master through whom the money is paid to do the same.

The Post Master receiving the receipt in the Publisher, is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may crank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the receipt of money, to the Post Master at the place where the money is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Mobile, Fa., September* 15, 1845.
Received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the "Saturday Evening Post," which I have declared our post case, and charged myself with the amount, and he is not to be charged with the same thereafter. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers of the aforesaid periodical, on receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Mobile, Fa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in the account with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

THE NEW PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE. *February* 1846. *Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson. No. 98 Chestnut Street.* The number for March is the most valuable and varied of any we have received, and is a worthy representative of great merit. For a whole year it has especially met the wants of a rapidly increasing educated, the magazine is the best of its kind in the United States, and is worthy of the patronage of the Penny Magazine of England. Mr. T. B. Peterson is the Philadelphia Agent, to whom all communications and subscriptions are to be addressed. Terms $1.00 per annum.

HOMŒOPATHY, ALLOPATHY, AND "YOUNG PHYSIC." *by John Forbes, M. D. F. R. S. and Physician to Her Majesty's Household. London, 1846.* This pamphlet of 48 articles which originally appeared in the British and Foreign Medical Review, is edited by Dr. Forbes, the author of that treatise, is either. The pamphlet before us is an able exposition of the merits of the two prominent systems of medicines, and we should think it will receive the attention of all medical men.

THE MARBLE HEART. *By Mrs. Sherwood. 1 vol. New York. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1846. This excellent little story is intended as a sequel to the "Marble Heart," and is a new edition of matter so far which Mrs. S. is so remarkably successful as one of the trials and temptations of a young Minister of the Gospel. The volume is well printed and neatly bound.

THE STEP-MOTHER. *By G. P. R. James. Part I. New York. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.* We have received the first part of a new work by James, and the interest is so well sustained in the volume, that we shall look successively for the others as they appear. The work is published in 25 cent numbers in Chronicle Street.

SOCIETY FAMILY BOOK. *J. M. Campbell. Philadelphia.* Several more numbers of this work have been published. We have spoken favorable of the existence of this edition, and it is certainly one of the best and the attention of each of our readers to this work as we have noticed it before.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. *for February. Lindsay & Blakiston. Philadelphia.* There are several excellent articles in this number, to which we would call the attention of the medical profession.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURGH, Feb. 11th, 1846.

The important intelligence of the week in the passage, by the House of the Tariff Resolutions, in nearly the same condition as they came from the Senate. These resolutions request our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to oppose all attempts to alter or modify the Tariff of 1842, and if the Senate ratifies the resolutions, you will recollect, passed unanimously in the House, there were but thirteen votes in the negative.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Bill is still before the Senate. Bills for several new counties have been offered and reported. The Senate has confirmed the following nominations:—Fergus O'Connor, Associate Judge of Indiana, and Charles Lyman, on Associate Judge of Potter county, and Wilson Laird Hinman, President Judge of the 19th District, composed of the counties of York and Adams, in place of Daniel Durkee, resigned.

In the House, the bill relative to the Harrisburgh and Erie Railroad has been passed.

Casualties.

☞ The Augusta, Geo., Chronicle of the 7th inst. says: "The Georgia Railroad has been the theatre of another accident—another loss of life within a few days. As the downward train was on its way on Wednesday night week, when within a few miles of Augusta, the locomotive passed over a bridge each were suddenly thrown from the track, from an embankment of some three or four feet, by which the former was instantly killed, and the latter more or less, almost every passenger on board, one or whom, Mrs. Duncan, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Duncan, was so severely injured as to die in a few days. The other passengers escaped with some pretty severe bruises, though none were very seriously hurt. What caused this accident we have not been able to ascertain, though we learn that it was probably caused by a breaking of the body or bed of the baggage car. The engine was not thrown from the track and, as the engineer soon obtained a car from Augusta, he was able to proceed on his way."

☞ At North Adams, Mass., on the night of Monday week, a large party of young people of both sexes assembled with their sleighs and horses from hill on a large sleigh, and several excursions had been made without injury, when in the last of the evening, the sleigh was overturned ungovernable—descended with great rapidity, and bursting the road, came in contact with a tree, by which means they were stopped, and injuring eleven of the nineteen persons who were in it—seven of them severely. Two females, Miss Sarah Ann and Miss McLellan, are reported to be so badly hurt as to leave but little hope of recovery. The cellar home of the latter was broken, and the former sustained internal injuries.

☞ The wife of Mr. George A. Graves, of Guilford Court, came to her death on Thursday week, by her clothes taking fire from a stove in a room where she was at work, and she was so badly burnt that she died within a few minutes, and before assistance could c—ed any avail.

☞ The Toronto Examiner says:—A most distressing accident befel Mr Joseph Price and his daughter Miss Price, who live about two miles out on Yonge street, as they were proceeding in his carriage in the city. They were attached to the carriage a pair of young, spirited horses, and as Miss Price was driving down the hill, opposite to Mr. Sheriff Jarvis', one of the reins gave way, and the animals almost immediately got off at a gallop, thus rendering any control over them impossible. Miss Price sprung from the carriage very shortly afterwards, and escaped with the contusions of a severe injury upon her arm, the bones at the elbow being badly fractured, besides severely spraining her ancle. Mr. Price, more unfortunate, leaped immediately afterwards, and being a gentleman of somewhat stout frame, fell with great violence on his head, injuring the brain so much as to cause his death in forty-eight hours after the accident occurred.

☞ One of the conductors of the Railroad in Troy, N. H. was killed last week by the explosion of a dirt blast. He was thrown ten feet into the air and fell into the pit head first.

Religious Intelligence.

MISSIONARIES RECALLED.—The mortality among the female missionaries in China and the neighboring countries has been very great. Mrs. Bald, died June, 1844; Mrs. Shuck, November, 1844; Mrs. Pollard, September, 1845; Mrs. Fairbrother, October, 1845; Mrs. Mosher, Feb. Only the same month Mrs. Holmes returned home last. September on account of illness, and Mrs. Hepburn waits the first opportunity. Mrs. Lowrie died of fever at Hong Kong, three at Amoy, and one at Shanghai. Within the same time, six or eight other female missionaries East of Cape Care died.

MISSIONARIES REMOVED TO CANTON.—The New York Journal of Commerce has received intelligence from Canton, to the effect that, in consequence of onerous exactions made by the British Governor and Council of Hong Kong, the Missionaries have removed from that island to Canton, and are only waiting for papers from home to sell out their establishment there. The missionaries have secured a residence outside of the walls of Canton, and are cordially pursuing their good work both in that city and at Hong Kong.

Oregon Question.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

On Saturday, the President sent a message to the Senate of the United States in compliance with their Resolution of the 16 instant, transmitting copies of a correspondence which lately occurred between Mr Buchanan and Mr. Packenham, as also between Mr. McLane and Mr Buchanan, on the subject of Oregon. The reading of the letters produced a profound sensation in the Senate.

The first letter of the series is from Mr Buchanan to Mr. McLane, dated December 13, and asking the meaning of the warlike preparations in England.

The second letter is a reply to this, dated Jan. 3d. In this letter, Mr. McLane states that he had had an interview with Lord Aberdeen, who had frankly admitted that they were making preparations, but not exclusively on account of the relations between the two countries, though it was due to frankness to say that the state of these relations were such as to require precautions not inquitable to a state of peace.

The third letter is from Mr. Packenham to Mr. Buchanan, dated 27th of Dec. This letter requests whether an offer would be accepted by our government if made by England, to submit the subject matter of the present discussion to the arbitration of some friendly power or power.

The fourth letter is from Mr Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham, dated Jan. 3d, in which the proposal to arbitrate is declined. Mr B gives the reason as follows:

"The British government do not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon Territory, but only the claim of the Hudson's Bay Company for indemnity for property and possessions of the territory is valid, and thus taken for granted the very question in dispute.

Under this proposition, the very terms of the submission would exclude the express declaration of assent of the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would compel the President of the United States from claiming the whole before the arbitrator.

The President believes that any attempt to refer the question to a third power, would only involve it in new difficulties."

The fifth letter is from Mr Packenham to Mr. Buchanan, dated Jan. 15th, and is in reply to Mr. Buchanan's letter of the 3d. Mr Packenham says that her rights in the whole of Oregon. He now asks if the United States will be willing to submit the question to the decision of commissioners, or to the court of distinguished Civilians, and earnestly presses on the subject upon the consideration of the Secretary of State.

The seventh letter is from Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham dated February 6. Mr P's new proposition is declined. The correspondence then ceases. After alluding to Mr P's new offer, Mr. B proceeds:

There is, however, a condition annexed to this offer which exposes it to the same objection, in point of fact, if not in form, which was presented to the consideration of the undersigned by Mr Pakenham's last proposal. The condition is that the [illegible] territory [illegible] should be found in the opinion of the arbitrator, to possess a complete title to the whole territory, there should, in that case, be an equitable division of such territory which would be in the opinion of the arbitrating power, be called, as to any apportionment of the respective claims of each. If the government of the United States should consent to an arbitration upon such a condition, it would, and probably would be the result of any arbitration, if not a direct invitation to the arbitrator to divide the territory between the parties in dispute between the parties by the middle of the longest channel of the Rio Bravo.

The undersigned will proceed to state a single reason which apart from the intrinsic difficulties of the question in such a controversy, will of itself be considerations that might be adduced, is conclusive on his mind of the impropriety of submitting the present question to arbitration, in any form which can be presented. The territory in dispute is held by the United States, and has been settled by their citizens, who have formed political institutions for themselves under the authority of the United States. Now it is proposed to refer to arbitration the question whether the United States have any right to this territory which is now in the possession of the settlers, and which has been settled by them, and to which they have established their political institutions. Can the United States refer such a question to arbitration? Have they the right to do so? Can they withdraw the settlers from the country, and transfer them to the dominion of a foreign power? Can they cede to a foreign power the right of sovereignty which they have exercised over the territory for more than a quarter of a century? Can they refer to arbitration the question whether they have the right to do so? Can they refer to arbitration the question whether they have the right to do so? Can they refer to arbitration the question whether they have the right to do so

Selected Poetry.

CHARITY.

Know thou Dreamer's wizarding blast,
The gloom of eve is thickening fast,
And fast comes down the snow!
Oh! whether shall the Friendless fly
For refuge from an angry sky,
Or shield them from the blast?

Revolt at every sky but Heaven—
From home, from friends, from kindred driven,
From every shelter'd door!
How many a loving pair brought low,
To drink the cup of bitterest woe—
In beggary to sigh!

No fault of theirs—some link that broke
In misfortune's chain, some sudden stroke
By frost—by ruinous hatred,
A sweeping flood, devouring fame,
Or some harsh agent powering name,
And cast them on the world.

Let wild ambition's bitterlings call
His minions to profession's hall,
To squander wealth away;
Dedication sap, corruption bribe,
Some wretch amid the venal tribe,
His country to betray!

But then to whom proptions Heaven,
A heart to feel and wealth has given,
The selfless brother sure,
The good Samaritan he found,
Pour balm into the wanderer's wound,
That journeys in the grave.

He sure unto the dead, and find
A lamp to guide the wondering blind,
To decisions left forlorn;
The orphan's parent, and be found
To set the prisoner free,
By long unaffectured every woman, holding
With no small pride the baby—for evidently it was
the baby. Any one could read that fact in every
glance, as they looked at each other, and the little
head, and then at the large blue unconscious eyes,
and the dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was
evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby
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his work and turned sideways towards his little
companion, as much as to say, "See what I have
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a glance from admiring woman as sincere as that,
she will be lucky!"

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty, even
in all their faults and absurdities! winning, even in
the sins and miseries, as, for example, yonder
little fellow in a naughty fit—he has shaken his
long curls over his deep blue eyes—the fair brow is
bent in a frown—the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in
infinite defiance—and the white shoulder thrust
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Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles
and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and
you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises
and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little
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Our Scrap Book.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

A sailor loves a gallant ship,
And shipmates, hold and toe,
And ever welcomes with delight,
Saturday night at sea,
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea,
Let every sailor drink and sing
Saturday night at sea.

Our lives reach week, we watch from care,
As through the world we roam
To think of dear friends far away,
And all the joys of home.
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea!
Let winds blow high or low, we'll sing
Saturday night at sea!

We'll think of those bright feelings, who
Beneath wish joys not know,
And raise to Heaven a prayer, to bless
Our sweethearts and our wives!
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea!
Let every sailor drink and sing
Saturday night at sea!

A DANGEROUS FRIEND.—The N. E. Farmer says—We find the following in one of our ex-
changes, and think it worthy of notice. Any one
reads the truth of the statement:—A farmer near
Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a
plough with his own hands; it looked an ugly when
finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an
apple-tree, but it got loose during the night, and
killed two of his cattle.

SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The Boston
Transcript copies from the London Times a pleasant
sketch of Daniel Webster, which concludes with
the following amusing account of his remarkable
walk:—"Mr. Webster's visit, just before Lafay-
ette last visit to America, formed one of a holiday
party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been at-
tacked in debate by the opposition newspapers of
Franchmen on his approaching visit, and during his
occupation of basking up cocktails and tasting, he
had taken a good deal of exercise. Not long
afterwards that he must have been studying that
part of his speech in which he afterwards addressed
the people, for he was seen striding about the
room, his observed him pulling in his hair, hand over
hand, and then, more effectively, by large fists full
indeed, yet without exhibiting any eccentricity of
his face at having captured a prize. At length the
fish was seen approaching the surface and hovering
through the green waters like a lively bladder of
quicksilver; still Webster's face gave no smiling
welcome; but just as the fish came to the surface
he burst out with 'Venerable man! the representa-
tives of the two hemispheres welcome you to our
shores,' and down flopped the "monster cod" on
the deck!"

DERANGEMENT "SMART!"—A young man rea-
ding pretty well up town, was courting his lady
one evening this week, and after getting beyond the
"limits" of gaslights, he suddenly discovered a
brawny looking fellow, with a long beard and
arm, close behind him. He crossed to the other
side of the street—so did the stranger. He retraced
his steps to the opposite side—so did he. He
stopped—so did his reflexion. He trotted briskly
on—he stirred—but was close at his heels! He re-
solved to stand his ground, and in assuming his
courage, he planted himself pretty close to the door-
step, and bracing himself up for an attack, he turned
upon his partner, with—

"Look you, sir! You have dogged me to the
house! What do you want—eh?"

The loafer presented his bundle to the gentleman
possessed its cavorting—and with a quiet expression
of countenance—

"Don't you want to trade for this pre rooster,
sir?"

A NEW DICTIONARY.—Daybreak—to break a
day—the Sabbath for instance. The days in winter
are broken off at each end; which accounts for their
shortness.

Dear—beloved, costly—a wife.

Debt—a nasty slough-hole, into which one is apt
to get pulled by trying to help another out.

Decanter—a little object, full of spirit—often
shamefully reviled and roughly handled; rudely
taken by the arm by brute by those who love it the
most.

Decency—shewing tobacco in church and spit-
ting in your pocket handkerchief, for fear of stain-
ing the floor.

Decipher—(abbreviated thus, D. C.)—to explain
the mysteries of nothing.

Declaim—to make a stormy speech, haranguing
the passions where there is no intellect to fire at.

Declension—corruption of the morals; variation
of the bloody sword

MRS RICHARDS.—Typographical blunders are
sometimes the most ludicrous and startling, and
that it would seem as if they were not always acci-
dental. In a publisher's announcement, instead of
"Mrs Richards's Fairy Tale of Real Life," we
—for sale at all the Book Stores," the following
terrestic appear—"The Cricket on the Heat, a
Fairy Tale of Rose—for sale at all the Beer
Stores."

THE CLIMAX.—Here's some machine poetry.

The noses shone finely
behind the chimbly
the cats is now a-courtin'
and love is in the air
in tryin' hard
on them fur to be fallin'.

Choice Poem.

AT LAST.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[Suggested by having heard of a lady who died mor-
ning the words, "At last! at last!"]

"At last! at last!" soothingly and lightly spoken,
What solemn import from the lips they bore.
Were they the record of a rapid token,
Or of a tried heart's release from pain?
A sad repeating that earth's waste was trawtiful,
Helpless hand, entered a mother from sorrow-
And egotism, to a whole world of new and higher
feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by
being her best friend in the end, when better she
does not know, the fresh simplicity of childhood, and make
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Pleasant Sketch.

PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

We will suppose it is now o'clock—you take a
cab or, wishing to save fifty cents, you walk to the
White House. You there find the entrance com-
pletely blocked up with hacks and dirty cabs of
every country, which, having deposited their freights,
ultimately remain where they are, from the double
motive of blocking the road, to the annoyance of
liber arrivals, and of picking up a fare when the
owner breaks up. You may pass a predicable ten
minutes on the Portico, in listening to the wit of
some twenty Irish cab-men, and noticing the vari-
ous devices to which they have recourse, to while
away a tedious hour, and to keep themselves warm,
such as playful sparring, and chasing each other
round the pillars. If you are inclined for amuse-
ment, you can watch the evolutions of various other
drivers, black, brown, and yellow, some of whom
are practising elaborate politeness, and gravely in-
troducing stranger fathers to their friends—others,
less conventional, are vehemently whistling and
watching a notorious dancer execute an inimitable
"break down." This is the theatre of the cab-driver,
and although an excellent institution in its way, it
strikes you as being rather annoying to people of a
different caste, who wish to enter the mansion—and
you, being rather an ill-natured fellow, that it would
be more convenient if held to another place

In the entrance hall, you perceive a few foreign
servants, and Mr Pakenham's fellows leaning about
the fire-place, in driving coat and smart livery—
looking very much like fatter out of water, (rather
on the Road of the United States Marines, are play-
ing country men, which are best known to themselves
—and after having given your hat and coat to a lit-
the dark boy, you walk timidly into the reception-
room. Here on one side, you perceive fifty or sixty
gentlemen, with every variety of shirt collar, stand-
ing in a corner, and looking extremely ill at ease;
busy talking group opposite. Some you have quite
made up your mind what to think of this, a gentle-
man (the Marshal of Columbia, we judge,) Belaire,)
patches you by the arm, and introduces you to the
President—this brings you to your senses at once—
and Mr Polk is a gentleman of stamp, whose
severity, good humor, and kindness, prepossesses you
in his favor in spite of yourself. Mrs Polk is also,
a charming woman, exquisitely dressed, and per-
fectly handsome. Mrs. Madison is there, also, a
woman of commanding presence, and dignified man-
ner, who wishes to and like a velvet dress, and is
the effect of her general appearance, and, to confess
the truth, she rather resembles the other ladies in the
back ground. There are a few younger ladies, who
are very busily flirting with young M. C.'s, all look-
ing very beautiful, very happy, and are very ingra-
cious—very!

The Company is increasing fast: successions-
the gentlemen with two ladies—others more fa-
vorable, with one—and others, who, like your
humble servant, suppose to be no favorites with the
"dear domestics," and sank as low as single gentle-
men. Conversation begins in rage—young men
are marrying at the country—young ladies are
laughing merrily—the band is gone wild, and the
performers evidently have lost all command of the
tunnied instruments—a tumult ensues, which, on
your of genteel decorum, pervades the rooms, dis-
tracts your equanimity of temper, and makes you
long for some fellow partner, and to nature harshly
for having made you so unbearable. During your
temporary absence of mind, you have been elbowed
and crushed, and shuffled back to a door-way, and
a policeman touches your elbows and begs you to
"move on into the East room, and block up
the door-way." (What brings policemen there?)

The East room is brilliantly lighted—so much
so, in fact, that you can distinctly see the gilt
work on the cornice—and so Mrs Polk has con-
sentless scrapes against dancing the ladies and
gentlemen across themselves as they best can;
few of the more rational sit and converse, but by
far the greater number solemnly walk in pairs
around the room, in mournful procession. This in-
dicates a little melancholy at first; but as the Band
does not play the "dead march" you quickly re-
cover, and perceive that the company can extract
enjoyment even from this demure ceremony for it
affords the ladies an excellent opportunity for dis-
playing their dresses and examining those of their
neighbors. Such dresses! I will back them against
"all creation" for richness, beauty and taste.
waists! I will defy the universe to produce any re-
elegantly demonstrative. They are perfectly spectacu-
practical demonstrations of the existence of neu-
rality. Such—I was going to say bustles—what
shall I say? but in attempting a description of these
would only show my weakness and expose me to
the charge of boasting—they must be seen to be be-
lieved, and even then they will hardly convince some o
credulous, who will not be convinced until they run
against them, and so find them. Boston has achieve
a respectable pregiminary to the manufacture and
display of this excellence—write the word for
one—but let Boston henceforth "hide its di-
minished head, or rouse all its energies to greater
efforts.

The Foreign Ministers arrive, and become o
ceiedly the lions of the evening. A group of un-
happy gentlemen, who appear deserted by the "fair
sex. (for my own part I protest against this epithet,
as I can prove that they are sometimes an unfair
sex) stand in the centre of the room, surveying the
court dresses of the foreigners, and looking misery
at the lovely creatures, who promenade past them,
perfectly h-ndsome at their ease, and at their ease
e clerks. Mr. Polk, leading on Mrs. Madison, fol-
lowed by Mrs. Polk, Mr. Dallas, and others, ap-
pear in the room. A new zest is given to the ani-
tion of the evening, conversation receives a fresh
impulse. The President talks and laughs with every
body. The foreign people becomes exceedingly ci-
tatic and courteous, the band strikes up with re-
newed energy, and all seem either happy or de-
termined to become so. If there is no feminine ele-
ment in the way, you retire before the company
breaks up; after a quarter of an hour's repose, you
succeed in gaining possession of your own coat, and

Selected Poetry.

CHARITY.

Know thou Dreamer's wizarding blast,
The gloom of eve is thickening fast,
And fast comes down the snow!
Oh! whether shall the Friendless fly
For refuge from an angry sky,
Or shield them from the blast?

Revolt at every sky but Heaven—
From home, from friends, from kindred driven,
From every shelter'd door!
How many a loving pair brought low,
To drink the cup of bitterest woe—
In beggary to sigh!

No fault of theirs—some link that broke
In misfortune's chain, some sudden stroke
By frost—by ruinous hatred,
A sweeping flood, devouring fame,
Or some harsh agent powering name,
And cast them on the world.

Let wild ambition's bitterlings call
His minions to profession's hall,
To squander wealth away;
Dedication sap, corruption bribe,
Some wretch amid the venal tribe,
His country to betray!

But then to whom proptions Heaven,
A heart to feel and wealth has given,
The selfless brother sure,
The good Samaritan he found,
Pour balm into the wanderer's wound,
That journeys in the grave.

He sure unto the dead, and find
A lamp to guide the wondering blind,
To decisions left forlorn;
The orphan's parent, and be found
To set the prisoner free,
By long unaffectured every woman, holding
With no small pride the baby—for evidently it was
the baby. Any one could read that fact in every
glance, as they looked at each other, and the little
head, and then at the large blue unconscious eyes,
and the dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was
evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby
like that before!

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't
three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the
little bundle, and it in the little hand, and held up
the baby. The man looked and grinned, and with-
out another word down went the three dollars—all
that he had—but wasn't a better exam by; and as they
walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which
looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little baby shall lead
them!"

Another day as I was passing a carriage factory
along one of our back streets, I saw a young me-
chanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a
carriage stood near him, and a pretty little woman,
snugly all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-
eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great
shaggy dog as I stopped. the man looked up from
his work and turned sideways towards his little
companion, as much as to say, "See what I have
got here!"

"Yes!" thought I, "and if the little lady ever got
a glance from admiring woman as sincere as that,
she will be lucky!"

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty, even
in all their faults and absurdities! winning, even in
the sins and miseries, as, for example, yonder
little fellow in a naughty fit—he has shaken his
long curls over his deep blue eyes—the fair brow is
bent in a frown—the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in
infinite defiance—and the white shoulder thrust
haughtily forward. Can any but a child look so
pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles
and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and
you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises
and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little
ones. They pull away the scholar's pen—destroy
both his papers—make somersets over his books,
and what can he do? They tear up newspapers—
litter the carpets—break pull and upset, and then
rubber unimaginable English it with a vengeance,
what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you
should see,

He now have a child, and his child tears up his
papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose,
like all other children, and what has the precise
man to say to his discomfiture? Nothing—as like every
body else—a little child shall lead him!"

Pure little children! they bring out all truth on
human beings, even when it is not good in return!
How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and
helpless hand, awaken a mother from unnatural
sad egotism, to a whole world of new and higher
feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by
being her best friend in the end, when better she
does not know, the fresh simplicity of childhood, and make
her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she
has been!

The hardened heart of the worldly man is un-
locked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of
his one little child—the cold, the proud, the haughty
his boy all the censured tracks and hard ways, and
callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail—to the penitentiary, and find there
the wretch most sullen, brutal and hardened. Then,
if you can, question him. Such as to you, and
he will tell you it, perhaps, a mighty brisk place. About
fifteen years ago, on a one quiet morning, as I was
went to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure
some provisions. I went up into the town, and
seeing a court hanging out of a shop door, went in
that. The owner came after me—might me—took
me before a magistrate—I was tried—convicted—
took charge—sentenced—and there am I now, in the
fifteen minutes. *Fifteen!* I tell you gentlemen, a
mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

Our Scrap Book.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

A sailor loves a gallant ship,
And shipmates, hold and toe,
And ever welcomes with delight,
Saturday night at sea,
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea,
Let every sailor drink and sing
Saturday night at sea.

Our lives reach week, we watch from care,
As through the world we roam
To think of dear friends far away,
And all the joys of home.
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea!
Let winds blow high or low, we'll sing
Saturday night at sea!

We'll think of those bright feelings, who
Beneath wish joys not know,
And raise to Heaven a prayer, to bless
Our sweethearts and our wives!
Saturday night at sea, my boys!
Saturday night at sea!
Let every sailor drink and sing
Saturday night at sea!

A DARKBRIDGE FRIEND.—The N. E. Farmer
says—We find the following in one of our ex-
changes, and think it worthy of notice. Any one
reads the truth of the statement:—A farmer near
Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a
plough with his own hands; it looked an ugly when
finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an
apple-tree, but it got loose during the night, and
killed two of his cattle.

During the dark and middle ages, when cotton

TOSSING IN A BLANKET.

Nearly all our readers have perused the admirable
work of Cervantes—Don Quixote—and most of
them will doubtless remember the description of
Sancho Panza, his squire. We venture to say,
however, that not more than one reader in ten there-
of, has had being possessed the experience and
once witnessed the tossing in a blanket of some
fellow-wight—has any accurate idea of the exer-
cise.

Our attention has been frequently called to the
subject by engravings and paintings referring to the
scene in Don Quixotte, in every one of which there
was the same want of truth to nature, which existed
in all the artist had ever witnessed of a performance
of the kind. The universal notion entertained on
the subject, being that the victim is lifted from the
ground on a blanket and thrown or tossed up by the
flinging up of the arms of those who hold the
blanket. The smallest amount of reflection, how-
ever, would teach that a man in which trouble could
not be raised more than a foot or two from the level
of the breasts of those who conduct the exercise.

A few words will explain the matter. An
large and stout a blanket as possible being obtained,
and the victim but on it and surrounded by as
many as can possibly get hold of the edges of the
blanket, thereby preventing his escape, the whole
body holding on, make a quick and vigorous pull
from the common centre. It is this tightening
process simply, which springs the culprit into the
air, and he might to which he has to be made can
be projected, is hardly conceivable to those who
have not witnessed the exercise. The subject in-
stinctively springs to the work of the blanket, by way
of resisting the impulse; an useless and absurd
effort. Useless because it serves not his purpose
in the least, and absurd because it is opposed to, and
setting the, which produces this punishment. By
this grasp, his hand and shoulders are not only held
tightly up, and in the process of elevation, so he
turns over and over, he is sure to fall in some con-
strained and uncomfortable position which does not
feel, after a night's rest, as if every bone in his body
was bruised: so much so that we have known indi-
viduals who have been on the receiving end of the
ciples, groan under their pain, upon turning in their
beds, during their night's rest after it.

We have known that, during the war of
1812, resorted to by way of punishment to trouble-
some sailors in camp for getting drunk, or other
minor offence. One of our friends, who was un-
dergoing it for the second time, had the sagacity as
soon as the blanket began to tighten, to bring him-
self to his feet. In this position he was projected
lightly up, and enjoyed what he afterwards spoke of
as the pleasantest exercise in his life, making only
a hole through the blanket, and thereby a close to
the punishment, both for himself and others.—Cor.

NEVER PROCRASTINATE.

The following little story is not new, but it is so
touchingly narrated, and conveys an excellent a
moral, that we cannot refrain from publishing it.
We remember that the tears came into our eyes the
first time we read it

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for
me, sir," said a pale, thin-faced boy, as to the
cost of the Man of Leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inkkle. "I shall be
going that way in a day or two."

Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?"
said the pale boy on the following day; with the
quivering lip as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy; but I will
to-day."

"However help me, poor mother," murmured the
boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr Inkkle had
on his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry
children with the loaf of bread he had earned by
washing the gentleman's boots at the street. They
shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emp-
hand to the portion, while a sickly smile flick-
ered across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr Inkkle thinks
he can get me the place; I shall have my first
meals a day—only think mother, three meals! and
it won't take me three minutes to run home and
have them with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice
trembling with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inkkle if
he had asked for the place.

"Not yet," said the Man of Leisure, "but there
is time enough."

And the morning was wet with tears. An-
other morning arrived.

The child came at length, his face swollen with
weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the Man of
Leisure, "but the place is filled."

The boy slept breathing and heard about inch-
tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing "we
may as well starve. Mother is dead.

The Man of Leisure was shocked, and he gave
the boy a dollar.

WINTRY SUNSHINE.

BY MISS STRICKLAND.

The leaves that glitter'd on the trees,
And light the laughing hours of May,
With all their glowers lose I prize,
They fall and wither in the fading ray
Whose milder influence kindly tries
To cheer and warm the wintry day,
And through dark clouds and drifting scenes
A transient brightness throws.

For oh! that friendly radiance seems,
Like Hope's sweet smile under woe appearing,
As we through Fortune's adverse streams,
A wayward course are steering,
O glimpses caught of joy's serene,
Of God's troubled slumbers cheering,
When o'er life's dis and faded flowers
Extreme the light of heaven pours.

Not all the splendors, passing fair,
That bless'd the glowing days of gladness,
Can with that lonely beam compare
That breaks the chilling gloom of sadness,
When Love's rare aura on the mind
Here wrong the tortured heart to moderate,
And Friendship's kindly voice is heard,
Sheds sunshine on our wintry day.

LONGEVITY.

Climate appears to have little to do with lon-
gevity, if we may judge from the following table,
comprising the longest lives known.

NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.
Athena Marr,	150	England.
Tico Fallonius,	150	Brescia.
Peter Zarton,	146	South Carolina.
Dominic Ruddy,	140	Transylvania.
Thomas Damford,	140	England.
James Bond,	140	Scotland.
Wife of John	140	do.
Henry Jenkins,	169	Yorkshire.
Thomas Parr,	152	Shropshire.
Petro,	121	France.
A Goldsmith,	143	do.
Margaret Patten,	130	Scotland.
William Kite,	130	Yorkshire.
Joseph Surrington,	146	Norway.
Richard Lloyd,	133	Wales.
Charles Haddon,	117	Yorkshire.
John Wimes,	116	Suffolk.
Louis Cornaro,	100	Venice.
Peter Torbay,	185